SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL.

Unveiling of Livingstone's Statue.

WHAT WAS SAID AND BY WHOM.

Inauguration of Prince Albert's Equestrian Statue in the Presence of the Queen.

A CARNIVAL OF COLOR.

EDINBURGH, August 18, 1876. When Livingstone visited England for the last time a another, begged him to sit to her for his bust. This woman was Mrs. David Octavius Hill. Beginning art as her brother's assistant Mrs. Hill became more and more enamored of it until she gave herself up to modelling, studying it with enthusiasm. Within the last twenty years many great Scotchmen have posed for her, Sir David Brewster and Thomas Carlyte being among the number. "I'll sit to ye for the sake of my family and those that come after." said Carlyle, talking as he sat, and occasionally indulging in a laugh that visited Mrs. Hill's studio and gave her three long sittings before bidding a last farewell to Edinburgh. "As kind, as gentle a man as ever lived," says his father-in-law, Dr. Moffatt, "with the determination to give body and soul to the work of his life." LIVINGSTONE'S PHYSIQUE.

Like most fighters of men or of ideas, Livingstone was short, square built, very muscular, with a strong mouth and iron jaw that denoted an unconquerable will. Obtaining a good lixeness of her African here Mrs. Hill went to work upon a full length statue which she modelled in miniature and then submitted to a committee of artists at a time when there was an intentio- of putting up a Livingstone statue in Edin burgh. "Mrs. Hill can't make a statue because she is a woman" was the logical conclusion arrived at by the committee. Stung by this sneer Mrs. Hill elenched her teeth and vowed that her critics should eat their own words before she died. Modelling a life size statue of Livingstone she sent a plaster cast to the Royal Academy, London, and had the satisfaction of seeing it occupy the place of honor at the first exhibition in the new rooms of Burlington House. Thus one victory was gained. The next did not so quickly follow.

Sir James Grant, President of the Royal Academy, expressed himself very strongly in lavor of the statue, and Sir Roderick Murchison, at first opposed to Mrs. Hill, became one of her warmest supporters. "Well," said he to the sculptor, "now you've made your statue, what are you going to do with it?" "If Sir Roderick Murchison can't tell me nobody can," replied Mrs. "When Livingstone comes back," continued Sir Roderick, "the whole Kingdom will be daft. People will be ready to spend any amount of money on him, and I give you my word I'll see that your statue is put up. Livingstone never came back abye. The Kingdom

expended its enthusiasm in burying in Westminster Abbey a man upon whom it would not expend a penny in Reeping alive. Edinburgh, however, gave ear to the idea of a statue, and subscriptions tame in slowly. Finally, losing heart at the lagging of the committee, Mrs. Hill old them at the end of last season that if they would pay for the bronze casting and for her own outlay of money, which amounted to \$1,500, they might have at once accepted and gave a new impetus to subscription. The statue was cast, and yesterday witnessed its unveiling to the public. Whether Mrs. Hill will reap a golden reward for a labor of love remains to be seen Judging the future by the past and present it is safe to conclude that she will not,

UNVEILING MRS. HILL'S STATUR. There was never a brighter day than that which shope spon the simple ceremonies of the statue's unveiling. all Edinburgh was out of doors, a Scotch mist seemed placially at the preparations made for the reception of his right neighbor, for you must know that Livingstone stands beside the Scott monument, so familiar to every boy and girl in America. At two o'clock ladies and gentlemen bearing invitations began to arrive; half an hour later the green was quite alive with genteel hu-manity, while Princes street and the windows of the Livingstone tamily, the sculptor, the fown Council and other prominent persons appeared upon the platform, palled the District Attorney) introduced Mr. Josiah Livingstone, a merchant who entertained Stanley when he was here, and who, though not related to the African hero, has been greatly interested in him and in

Mrs. Hill's statue. When the Lord Provest first called for Mr. Livingstone this gentleman was not to be found, whereupon a Scotchman exclaimed, "Send for Stanley!" The adwice was not taken as it did not become necessary Dr. Moffatt followed the first speaker, and was warmly received. The old African missionary has the features, clear black eye and flowing beard of a Jewish rabbi, and would make a fine paint ing in the raobi's picture que garb. Dr. Moffatt dwelt lovingly on his son-in-law's fine qualities, and emphasized the fact that Livingstone had never shot a man, adding that he himself would under no provocation take a man's life-that he would stand and be shot at rather than shoot. "That's a hit at Stanley," who pered a Scotchman to me. I hardly think that Dr. Moffatt intended any such inference to be made, for he forgetting the past, but this was his language.

UNFAIR CRITICISM. If Livingstone were the man he looks he would much rather have shot a scoundrel than have been shot by one, and I have such faith in Dr. Moffatt's been shot by one, and I have such tath in Dr. Modatt's common sense that I think even he would fire upon a nurderer. Duncan McLaren, the senior member in Parliament for Edmourgh, who married John Bright's most estimable sister, and who serves his constituency well, also spoke of Lavingstone as an example to more "bonsterous" followers. It seems to me, with all due regard to Mr. McLaren, whom I respect, this remark regard to Mr. McLaren, whom I respect, this remark came most ungracefully from his lips at such a time. Every one knew who was meant, and no one has a right to say that Stanley was not justified in taking life as he has done lately. I should like to know what would have become of Livingstone but for Stanley and where his last resting pixee would have been? The man who will not shoot rather than be ghot at is not the man to successfully explore the wide of Arrica and live to

his last resting piace would have been? The man to successfully explore the wilds of Africa and live to tell the tale. Stanley does not act in the capacity of missionary. He is an explorer. Considering that not one word of praise was accorded to him at the unveiling of Mrs. Hill is statue common gratitude should have shielded him from censure.

The "Scotzmax" on Stanley.

To-day's Scotzmax contains a leader on Mr. Stanley, stacking him for the same reason that inspired McLaren's innendoes. It reters to him not only as a correspondent, "but also as a joint commissioner, though who or where the other joins is does not appear." It is said to see so able a journal as the Scotzman indulging in professional jealousy to such an extent as to torget the existence of the New York Heratic, but as "to err is human, to forgive divine," the likeau, can afford to be scient. Scotland is capable not only of personal generosity, but or appearing it in others, and thus evening's Consent, published Journalist north of the Tweed—now that Sir. Russell is no more—deplores the absence of all honor able mention of Stanley in yesterd y's proceedings. More than one citizen has expressed similar sentiments, and I think that the neglect was due rather to want of thought than want of heart. The sculptor herself has a great admiration for Stanley, whose bust she modelled curing any visit to Edinburgh.

Something toe much of this Let me return to the

modelled curing his visit to Edithorgh.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STATUE.

Something too much of this Let me return to the
statue. When the cores were drawn by Livingstone's
sister, Mrs. Bruce, and the covering fell from the
bronze hero, Mrs. Bruce laid wreaths of flowers on the peciesial, and young girs can't white—holog whom were daughters of the wealthy and hospitable publisher, William Nelson—wound green around the base. Photographers improved the shuning hour and cruical eyes discussed the merits of the statue. I never saw Livingstone, but I know that Dr. Moflatt is very much pleased with Mrs. Hill's work, and I am assured that the rest of the family pronounce it an executent likeness. That the statue is effective few will deny. Dressed in Knickerbockers and flannel shirt, with his coat slung over his left shoulder and tied round the neck with the sleeves, Livingstone extends his right hand, in which he holds a Bible. His left rests upon an axe, this being the peaceful instrument with which he he has besng the peaceful instrument with which he he has his way through many a jungle. The weight of the figure falls upon the left foot, which is firmly planted on the ground, the right foot being somewhat in advance. In Livingstone's beit are a revolver and the several instruments for taking observations. Behind the figure in the stump of a paim tree, over which hangs a hon's

skin, which is most appropriate, considering that the brave missionary was once attacked by seven of these animals, and that when he returned home dead his poor wasted body was recognized by the well known scar leit on his left arm by a hon's grip. The head is erect, uncovered, and the determined face is full of daring action. Livingstone wore a mustache and side whiskers, but shaved his chin while among his friends, so that the force of his character comes out more definitely than it would were the mouth concealed, as it must have been in the desert. The statue exhibits strength, tells the hero's story in a way that appeals to popular sympathy and is well modelled. Altogether it is most creditable to Mrs. Hill. As the sculptor has been in correspondence with New York gentlemen, with a view to repeating this statue for Central Park, it is pleasant to assure these gentlemen that their interest is not misplaced. One very radical change, however, should be made in a replica. The present statue is one foot and a balf shorter than it ought to be to produce the best possible effect. This Mrs. Hill trankity acknowledges, stating this defect to have been caused by the size, of the room in which she modelled. Mrs. Hill would willingly work anew on so sympathetic a subject, and in doing it would produce a yet more excellent work of art. The statue could probably be obtained for in doing it would produce a yet more excellent work of art. The statue could probably be obtained for

art. The statue could probably be obtained for \$15,000.

STATUSS RAMPANT.

Of making many statues there is no end. While the bronze Livingstone was being unrealed all Edinburgh, from Holyrood Castle to Charlotte square, a distance of two miles, was putting on a gaia dress of flags and builting. At half-past eight on the morning of the 16th the great gun told us that the Queen had arrived after an absence of several years. Why had she come? To unveil a national equestrian statue of the Prince Coesort. This quiet university town did not know itself. The muneipal government inde out £7,000 or £8,000 in loyal preparation. "That's a mere trifle," exclaimed one exuberant Scotchman, "It's only a penny's tax in a pound."

Venetian masts went up all along the route of the royal cortere. Flags of all sizes and colors danced in the air, an ishopkeepers did their best to demonstrate the loyalty of trade. One tradesman burst into Latin, in letters of gold I read:

in letters of gold I read:"Semper Verus,"

and below, "Amor Omnia Vincia" and below,

"Amor Omnia Vincit."

In the distance "verus" looked amazingly like
"Venus," a word that fitted well into "amor" and its
legend; but what V. R. had to do with the Goddess of
Love I failed to see. I soon discovered my mistake,
One modest house invited lier Majesty to "come
often;" several motioes bade her "welcome," and the
National Bible Society of Scotland informed the same
august personage that "the secret of England's greatness" lay in a very badly painted testament. One
motto insisted that "Scotland shall ever revere the
memory of her Queen's beloved consort;" two others
stated that "The memory of the just is blessed," and
a great house in St. Andrew's square actually dropped
into poetry. It was the only bit of poetry visible:—
Lives of great men all remind us

Lives of great men all remtind us We can make our lives sublime. And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time. Footprints on the sands of time.

The verse is somewhat familiar and may be found in Longfellow. This is no piace to question the veracity of an American poet whose tame is worldwide; but do the careers of great men necessarily remind us that we can make our lives sublime? Have not some of the greatest men been very much lower than the angels in morality, and are the sands of time a bit more respectful to footprints than any other sands? A carping disposition befus not the bright sur and gay plumage of the town, so I merely lay the matter before you to ponder on in suicidal moments.

RARRICADES.

Not centent with making the beautiful town look as

There were three ways of seeing the Queen-first, to There were three ways of seeing the Queen—first, to stand in the street and be jammed; second, to sit in a window; third, to go to the enclosure where the statue was to be unveiled. I chose the last and had my clook torn off me in attempting to get to what was the holy of holies in the eyes of the uninvited. Chariotte square occupies less space than Union square in New York, Behind it looms up St, George's church with its great dome. In the middle of the square stood Prince Albert, done up in yellow cotton and looking like a bundle of nothing in particular. The square itself was fenced off in pens, people going to whichever enclosure was indicated on the card of invitation. I thought of prize animals at a cattle lair. The band of the Seventy-nith regiment, the Queen's Own, tickled our cars while we waited for royalty, and the band master, who was a gergeous creature in kilt and bare knees, declared that he was as prous of his baton, which had just been given him by a number of Scotch gentlemen, as the Lord Provost was of the baronetcy Her Majesty intended to offer him.

AWAITING ROYALTY.

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AWAITING ROYALTY.

There was no procession. First came a squad of jack page, who acted guard by standing at the head of a forge street and keeping the people back. Then came a denonment of the Seventh hussars, the Duke of Connaught's regiment. The uniform is dark brue, tight fitting jacket, laced with yellow, fur cap, with red top, which fails over one side like a tassel. The hussars busied themselves by forcing their humans horses to push the people into less space than they could breathe in. Several women screamed with fright, one woman fainted, and more than once the hussars were hissed for doing more than their duty. The crowd was thoroughly well behaved. If the barricades had been erected on this particular spot they would have had a ration d'étre.

After the lussars came the Town Council in red gowns and black cocked hats, then followed wise man in black gowns. The Royal Company of Archers, dressed in dark green, with a red budding attracted much attention. The archers are a must ancient company, composed entirely of noblemen and gentlemen, who pay 100 guiness as an entrance lee, compete annually for the Queen's prize in archery, eat several dinners, never drill and never see hard service. Earl Roschery is an archer and the Duke of Buccleugh commands the company. The archers form a body guard to the Queen at Scotch festivals.

BER MAJESTY'S APPROACH.
Four o'clock came round and the roar of many

Four o'clock came round and the roar of many throats announced the coming of Her Majesty. Hand-kerchiels waved in every direction. More hussars dashed up; the Queen's outriders, in white breeches, rea coats and black hats, appeared; then came the royal household in two open carria, es. Sir William Jenner, the physician, and Mr. Cross. Home. Secretary, being of them. Lastly

She has dignity."

WHAT HAPPENED.

Needless to dwell upon the prayer and the speeches made. The Duke of Buccleage said something, the Queen said something, there was singing by a male choir under the leadership of Mr. Oakeley, Musical Doctor. When the music was over the Queen sent the Duke of Buccleagh in search of Mr. Oakeley, whom she complimented. By royal command the yellow cotton clinging to the statue suddenly disappeared, and Prince Albert stood before his wife, filly test above the ground. At this moment the sculptor, John Steell, was presented and met with a gracious reception. Finally, the Queen waiked around the statue, accompanied by the Duke of Buccleugh, the Lord Provost, Mr. Steell and Mr. Oakeley, and seemed to be in the best of huners. When she got into her carriage she actually laughed, to the great delight of every one, and when John Brown, who has a most amusing swagger, took his seat in the rumble and the royal party drove off, a very gentaine cheer rose from people who are hot word of the means the statue. All that I have sketched took WHAT HAPPENED. off, a very genuine oncer rose from people who are not given to demonstration. All that I have sketched took place in one short quarter of an hour—all those barri-cates and all that bunting for fifteen minutes. Pleasure is always brief; the going to and from it is lamentably

is always brief; the going to and from it is lamentably long.

We left our various pens, mingled together like sheep of one fold and all said the Queen never looked better and never seemed more pleased. Assuredly she cought to have been. Scotland raised \$75,000, expended it upon a monument to Prince Albert by an arist in roval lavor, and invited the Queen to be the rist to view it. Then the statute peased her, it is not great as a work of art, but it is carcuilly, conscientiously executed, and stands higher in the scale than most equestran statues. It has the merits of degnity and repose. The horse does not stand on his tail but on all four feet, and Prince Albert wears the air of a country gentleman surveying his estates. To any eye the statute is injured by the bronze groups at every corner of the base—groups of men in deflerent stations of life ofering homage to the gentleman on horseback as shough he were a second Saviour. The Aberdeen granite forming the base is beautiful. The bas reliefs commemorate scenes in Frince Albert's life.

Aberdeen granite forming the base is beautiful. The bas reliefs commemorate scenes in Prince Albert's life.

Sauntering later along Princess street we came upon a carriage in front of the New Cipb, in which was Mr. Steet. He shook hands cordially and beamed with pleasure. It was a proud day for him. His statue was a success, and he was en route to Holyrood Palace to be knighted. He was about to kneel before the Queen as pian Mr. Steell and to get up as Sir John Steell. A man of seventy, Sir John is very handsome. With his show white hair and beard he looks like an old him. Mr. Oakeley, who got into Mr. Steell's carriage, also went to Holyrood Palace for the purpose of being knighted. Thus has the unveiling of the Prince Consort's statue been the cause of one more baronet and two more knights, but Mry the Lord Provost should be given a higher title than the sculpter who has done all the work is more than I can undergans. It is, however, a lact, and it is also a fact that yesterday Edin urgh clabs threw open their doors to the wives and friends of members. Lambs sat down to label with hous that roared as gently as any suck

HERALD SARATOGA SPECIAL.

LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON-FAST TIME WITH HORSEPLESH - A CHILLY DAY AT THE SPEINGS, AND THE SEASON ABOUT ENDED.

The last trip of the HERALD special newspaper train

was made on Sunday, and was as successfully carried

SARATOGA, Sept. 4, 1876.

out as on previous Sundays of the season. When th papers were rolled off the swift-running Bullocks in the basement, counted, folded and addressed several thousand were transferred to wagons, which were rapidly driven up Broadway and Madison and Park avenues to the Grand Central depot. There, in the gray morning. stood engine No. 85, George Mink, driver, and the newspaper car, awaiting the rattle of the wheels as the vehicles dashed into the upper end of the mammoth yard. Five minutes sufficed to transfer the bundles to the car. Mink's brakeman coupled No. 85, the lever was drawn and the ast HERALD special glided away from the depot, leaving behind a line of smoke to mark its route. Under the bridges of Fourth avenue into the tunnels it rattled, throwing out burning cinders that in the dark tunnel took fantastic curvings in the air and were extinguished forever. The run to Spuyten Duyvil was made on time and the shrill whistle, as the train thundered around curves, over bridges and under bluffs, brought out the newsmen to secure their supplies of journals. Here they "slowed up" a little, and as the trum passed several large bundles were vigorously kicked from the rear platform, and after several somersets they lay as quietly upon terra firma as the placid water of the Harlem that at that hour was not disturbed by surface ripple. Leaving Spuyten Dayvil at seventeen minutes past five Mink let out his engine and for some distance the train flew past towns, hamlets and villas at the rate of fifty-two miles per bour. Yonkers received the latest news from all parts of the world at twenty-two minutes past five; Dobbs' Ferry at thirty-seven minutes past five, Tarrytown at forty-six minutes past five and awaking the convicts at Sing Sing Prison at fifty-four minutes past five. As the train took the tunnel with a whis the depot, workshops, stores and hotels vanished to the rear in a twinkling. kill was reached eight minutes ahead of schedule time, and a hait was made to await the flight of time. Here a large supply of papers was dropped, and we were again of on a dead heat for Poughkeepsie, the second tarrying place. At Garrison's, Cold Spring and other points rowboats from beyond the Hudson and wagons were awaiting the train. from which the bundles were transferred with the practical agility only known to the live newsmen. A longer halt than usual was made at Poughkeepsie, as we arrived ahead of time, and at six minutes past seven the train left for Hudson City. It rolled through Hyde Park at thirteen minutes past seven, Staatsburg at wenty minutes past seven, Rhinebeck at thirty-seven minutes past seven, Tivoli at forty minutes past seven, Catskill at two minutes to eight, and came to a halt at Hudson at eight o'clock, six minutes ah ad of time, having delivered nearly a thousand papers between Poughkeepsie and that point. Leaving again at six minutes past eight, all the stations between there and Albany were supplied with the Sunday Herald in time for a late breakfast and for a casual perusal before the staid inhabitants dressed for courch. Albany was reached at eight minutes to nine, a little ahead. Here bundles for points on the line of connecting roads were left as well as the usual supply of between 600 and 800 for the enlightenment and entertainment of the Albanians. The run to Schenectady was made in half an hour, without any unusual effort of the engine or its driver. Ten min' utes only were consumed in transferring the bundles to a wagon, and the attachment thereto of a spirited team, which for two years had never failed in assisting to put the HERALD in the ha ds of its delighted Saratoga readers. One hundred and ninety miles distant from the office of publication before ncon! Several times the trip of twenty-two miles across country has been made over a heavy, dusty road on a hot day in and fitteen minutes, but it mained for the teams to yesterday eclipse all its precompact and damp, and a stiff, chilly breeze blew over hilltop and valley along the route. Learning that this was to be the last trip of the season the driver let his horses out and took hills and bridges at a full gait. With four persons and about 500 pounds weight of papers in the wagon the trip was made in one hour and fifty-one minutes, including two stops of two minutes each to permit the faithful horses to make the acquaintance of wayside pureps. At Saratoga a cam was in waiting to carry the bundles to Lake George and other points contiguous to this place. The discontinuance of the HERALD express suggests the close of the season and certainly any one who yesterday sojourned here must have concluded that the time had about arrived for the settlement of bills, the packing of trunks and the utterance of the last goodbyes. In all the hotels fires were lighted in the parlors, around which huddled the few guests who remained over Sunday; shawls, overcoats and mufflers were pressed into service and few appeared in the streets. In the States guests who brave the chilly days for the sake of the water were found. Congress Hall is almost empty. closes to-day. I learn the American has something like one-third its usual complement, while the Columbian has quite a number of select boarders and families still shivering within its walls. The chief cause of the sparseness of the visitors at Congress Hall is that the proprietors permitted the impression to get abroad that they had reduced rates from \$5 to \$3 per day, and took no means to disabuse the minds of the public. In consequence when the public found that they were charged \$5 they looked upon the declarabeen made as a trick, and the house has suffered more than the other hotels that have dealt with their guests more conscientiously. A concert was given in the park last night as usual, but the attendance was small; not more than 200 or 300 persons wrapped in shawls and overcoats and well muffled up, venturing to leave the parlor fires. It was not quite cold enough to freeze the breath of the performers as it passed through the instruments, but all the artists surugged and shivered between pieces and longed for the end. Landlords are already eginning to reduce their help and make preparations for an early closing. A few will, unless another convention be called here, close next week, while the

WOULD-BE TRAIN WRECKERS.

the late comers and the late goers.

others will hold on until later in the month to catch

On Saturday evening last a hand car owned by the Flushing and North Shore Railroad Company was stolen from its fastenings at the Winfield depot. thieves, after switching the car to the old Finshing track, took a ride to the village of Newtown, returning to Winfield about half-past eleven, a few moments be fore the Locust Valley freight and passenger train was due. Determined upon mischief, they broke the switch lock and ran the car on the Long Island track, where they abandoned it, leaving it standing crosswise on the ratis. Fortunately Corener Andrew Manzie and on the rails. Fortunately Corener Andrew Markle and his son were at this time just closing up their house, and, hearing the whistle of the train, looked up the track and saw the hand car, and, inding that it was impossible to dag the train, succeided by great exertion in throwing the car from the track but a moment before the train rushed by at ignitially appeared to the train rushed by at ignitially appeared to the train rushed by at ignitial and the second of the parties. Hendrickson, a colored man residing at Whinfeld, on suspicion of being one of the parties. Hendrickson, on being arrested, at once made a clean breast of it, stating that he, Samuel Murphy, James Gosin and Robert Oakley, with three others whose names he dut hot recoliect, had stolen the car and placed it on the track for the purpose of throwing off the train, and that Gosin and Oakley broke the locks with which the car was secured, and that they had intended to have chained the car to the track, but hearing the train approaching fleet to the fleids. On the strength of Hendrickson's admissions Justice Quarterman, of Flushing, issued warrants for the arrest of the whole gang, and late in the atternoon Officer Schmidt succeeded in arresting Oakley, Murphy and Goslin. Murphy, who bears a oad reputation, is a son of ex-Justice Murphy, of Winheid, and until recently was employed on the road by the Union News Company. The prisoners will be examined to day before Justice Quarterman at Flushing. his son were at this time just closing up their house,

RECEIVER'S REPORT.

The report of Dr. Rosenthal, receiver of the German Press Association, was filed yesterday in the County Clerk's office. He states that he sold the premises for \$40,500 and the good will for \$5,000. He had an understanding with the committee of the company that they AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR.

FORTY-PIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION - CONTENTS OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon the torty-fifth Industrial Exhibition of the American Institute of this city will open in the Exhibition Building, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, on Second and Third avenues. The buildings for the reception of machinery, on Second avenue, were opened on the 14th of August, and the buildings on Third avenue, for the reception of different classes of goods, were opened on the 28th of August. The Exhibitors were somewhat slow at first in sending their applications for space, but at present the Superintendent, Mr. Charies W. Hall, states that every portion of the large buildings has been allotted, and those coming late will be very much circumscribed for want of room.

It was thought that the Centennial Exhibition as Philadelphia would throw a sort of damper on the American Institute Exhibition, but the managers of the affair are confident that the Institute this year wil show a greater, more varied and more unique lot of articles of industry and art than ever before.

The exhibition will be divided into seven different departments, which will be divided into seven different

First-Department of Fine Arts and Education, which will comprise paintings on canvas, glass and other surfaces; photographs, plain and colored; sculpture, cameos, intuglios, medals, medalifons, relieis, musical instruments, specimens of printing and bookbinding, books, stationery, &c.; philosophical instruments, mathematical, measuring and drawing instruments, &c.

cameos, integnos, medals, medallions, reliefs, musical instruments, specimens of printing and bookbonding, books, stationery, &c.; pnilosophical instruments, mathematical, measuring and drawing instruments, and the matter of the burding of the upper floor of the bunding on Third sychue.

Necond—Department of the Dwelling, comprising apparatus for warming, cooling, ventilating and filuminating, kitchen ware and utensils, stoves, ranges, &c. carpet, odeloth, matting, tapostry, shades and screens, ornamental flooring, furniture of all kinds, building accessories and perimanent attachments; doors, which was a state of the down sashes, hand perimanent attachments; doors, which was a state of the down sashes, hand perimanent attachments; doors, which was a state of the down sashes, hand perimanent attachments; doors, which was a state of the down sashes, hand perimanent attachments; doors, which was a state of the down sashes, beat and chidren, hats, bonnets, hair work, hose, boots, shoes, gloves, shawls, &c., appared for gentleman, hats, caps, coats, vests, pauts, undergarments, &c., cotats of wood, cotton and silk, ribbon cord and tassels, hand implementents used in manufacturing dress, seving machines, kaithing machines, &c., medical and surgical apparatus, jewelry and ornamonts for the person, skates, tishing tackies, portable writing deaks, portfolios, parasols, canes, &c. The space alibed for this department is quite a large one and is in the centre of the floor.

Fourth—Department of Chemistry and Mineralogy, comprising soaps and all compounds for cleaning; acids, alkalies and other chemical bases; leather, skins, specimens of taxidermy and natural stone, used in building; minerals, ores, metals, aloys; models of apparatus and implements used in chemical works. This department will occupy the lower part of the body of the main floor.

Fifth—Department of Engines and Machinery, comprising pumping machines, machines for working trade.

Secents—Department of Agriculture and Horticulture, comprisin In the centre of the floor is a large fountain, in the centre of which are rocks picturesquely piled up to the height of five feet. On these rocks are trailing vines and water plants, and the water failing over these produces a very pleasing and unique effect. The decorations of the large half are not yet complete, but from present indications promise to be, of not very elaborate, neat and tasteful. The exhibition will be open for visitors positively to-morrow afternoon, and will remain open on each secular day thereafter from nine A. M. till of P. M., closing at 10 P. M. Saturday, the 11th day of November, 1876, unless decided expedient by the Board of Managers to continue open one week onger.

THE MODERN JOSEPH.

LECTURE AT STEINWAY HALL BY THE REV. HENRY MORGAN, OF BOSTON.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather last evening a fair audience was gathered in Steinway Hall to listen to the Rev. Mr. Morgan, of Boston, on the "Modern Joseph." The lecture abounded in hits at the two great political parties and their candidates, were all good naturedly received by the audience, who seemed about equally divided in sentiment. When he referred the whiskey rings, Beiknap and Babcock the democrats applauded. When he spoke of Hayes marching triumphantly to the White House, the repub-licans clapped their hands. But when he alluded to the democratic ticket as being "like a kangaroo, strongest in the hind part-Hendricks, the tail, wagging the head," the audience shouted for several mo

ments "without distinction of party."

The lecturer said:—Joseph was private secretary to the old patrarch Jacob, like Balcock to Grant, but with this difference; Joseph reported the evil deeds of his brethren, Babcock didn't. (Laughter.) He went shares in the spoils of whiskey. Joseph represents the party of moral ideas soid into Egypt. Who shall deliver us from the spoil grabbers? Joseph, when ruler in Egypt, like Grant stood at the head of the corn crib, distributed the spoils, fed all his relations. (Laughter.) When the corn gave out the children of Israel tound themselves slaves. They "sighted" by reason of bondage. Grant has soid his administration into Egyptian bondage. Just now there is a Moses in the buttushes, contining up his first at the Egyptians and looking toward the White House. Whether we shall christen him Hayes or Tilden, Nowmber will tell. The election will turn on the finance Benjamin with me in the Cabinet—Benjamin II. Bristow. Verily, we will simile the rogues hip and thigh and drive them from the flosh pots of Washington." The rest of the lecture was the story of the real Joseph in the form of a dramatic dialogue, introducing the characters of Potiphar's household. His presentation of Joseph in prison, his release, making himself known to his brethren, tearful confession, the father's dying blessing upon Joseph and the peroration of what the lecturer considered the world's greatest here—"him that overcometh"—was very creditable and at times visibly affected the audience. At the close of his lecture Mr. Morgan was greeted with appliance.

MISS OLIVER'S LECTURE.

At the First place Methodist Episcopal church Brooklyn, a lecture will be delivered by Rev. Miss Anna Oliver this evening entitled "Live, Let Live and Heip Live." The lady is creating a sensation in the City of Churches, and will no doubt attract a large

ALLEGED DISHONEST EMPLOYE.

Joseph Moulin for the past three and a half years has been employed as foreman in the factory of the Raymond S. Perrin Brush Company, at No. 273 Pearl street. During the past few months small quantities of kalsomine and pa at brushes have been missed at various times. The matter was placed in the hands of various times. The matter was placed in the hands of detectives Fields and O'Connor, of the District Attorney's office, and they yesterday succeeded in tracing some of the property to the residence of Moulin at No. 454 Hudson street, when he was arrosted and locked up in the Sixth precinct station house. The total value of the stolen property is estimated at \$200. The prisoner was yesterday taken before Justice Morgan at the Tombs Police Court and held to answer in unfault of \$1,000 bail.

CUSTOM HOUSE SEIZURES.

Custom House Inspectors McCord and Hagan seized yesterday, on board the Havana steamship City of Vera Cruz, from Havana, 2,000 smuggled cigars of the choicest brand and a large number of reels of cigarettes, which were concealed on board said steamship

"DANIEL DERONDA."

George Eliot's Last Novel Finished Unsatisfactorily.

DERONDA MARRIES MIRAH.

Gwendolin, in Sorrow, is Left in Mourning.

THE NOVEL A FAILURE.

A new book by George Eliot (Mrs. C. H. Lewes)

creates as great interest as would be excited by the dis-

covery of a new tragedy by Shakespeare. Indeed, she

has been likened to Shakespeare, and no other English writer bears so near a resemblance to the great dramatist. Her works contain both dramatic purpose and philosophical discourse; and there has been no stu dent of character who could claim equality with her since Shakespeare returned to linger in comfort about the blacksmith snop of Stratford. Carlyle, in this latter respect, does not touch so acutely the quick of human life beneath his acting forms. Carlyle usually shows his here pushing toward one end, and he reveals the original motive which caused that end. The act is a reflection of a single characteristic. George Eliot succoeds in showing us, by constant analysis, the antagonistic forces in a character; giving now the lights and now the shades; first the reddening fire and then the smouldering embers; and, as the Westminster says of her latest heroine, she devotes care to revealing varying moods of mind, so that when the crash comes we may at least feel some pity for one of the victims. Her characters, like the Persian apples, present both artist. There is no raggedness in her style. She is pre-Raphaelite. Her beggar is as finely painted as her king. In "Daniel Deronda" George Eliot has given greater attention to plot than she usually devotes to one of her novels, but she nowhere forsakes her old manner of subordinating plot to character. The consummation is not always one devoutly to be wished by maiden readers, because it is the natural result of temper of mind in those who carry the burden of her piot to the end. If her traveller takes the wrong road he pays the penalty. The two leading characters in the new novel are Gwendolen Harleth and Daniel Deronda. To the wayward, seifish, beautiful Gwendolen the greater part of the book is devoted. It opens with a view of her in green and silver, and intimates that Deronda is to have an influence over her life. The petted beauty is subject, however, to her own wilful desires, and though one cannot avoid liking her for certain gracefuiness and strength of character, one is compelled to see her robel against her best taste and marry a cold young aristocrat, who, to her own knowledge, has a nistress and several illegitimate children. She marries because she has lost a competence and has not bravery enough to have herself and widowed mother remain poor. Almost immediately after marriage circumstances afford a penalty for her rashness. Grandcourt, her husband, politely abuses her; she is not permitted by any outrage of art to escape from the chamber of her chosen husband, and she discovers that her life and her heart have been conquered by Deronda. Deronda himself lives with a titled family, and he lives under the secret sting of hot knowing the names or lives of his parents. He loves study and physical exercise, and fate throws him in the way of rescuing a young Hebrew girl, who, in search of mother and brother, has tried to drown herselt. He places her under the charge of some good friends, and she finds

Gwendolen is always seeking Derouda for advice in her sorrow, feeling that though there is a great gulf between them, she will bridge it over with dutiful penance. Her husband, Grandcourt, takes her to the Mediteraphean; and one day, while they are sailing alone, he is knocked overboard by the boom, and she, in her terror and dislike, is both so petrified and so irresolute that she does not throw him a rope in time to save him from drowning. Meanwhile, Deronda has instincts that, notwithstanding his English, Christian education and companionship, direct him toward Jowish thoughts. In seeking the brother of Mirah whom he rescues from the water, he discovers in him a poor Jew who is filled with grand thoughts concerning the spiritual welfare of his race; and first interest ing Deronda by force of pity he fills him with his the influence of the Jew he seeks and finds his own mother, a Jewess, who was once a lamous singer, but who is by her second marriage the cold, heartless wife of a Russian noble.

The story cannot be described in a mere notice. The who have read the seven books serially in Harper's. The eighth and last book is now going through the press. In the seventh book the plot weaken method of Grandcourt's death being unworthy of so great an artist as George Ellot, though the strength of her analysis nowhere weakened. That book also gave us a well drawn character of Deronda's mother.

The last book, which we have just received, is appro printely called "Fruit and Seed." Rex, Gwendolen cousin, a good hearted college youth, whose love she ightly relused, hears of Grandcourt's death, and the love which he had not renounced, but only buried with sweet tenderness, finds it reviving when the lid of the make ready to gather around Gwendolen and Deronda. though not without going through more philosophical comment on the pages of the book than even George Eliot's wisdom makes us patient to tolerate. The axioms are part of the pleasure, however, and have as much influence upon our understanding of the plot as any of the characters. Besides, George Eliot is not to be read in a day. What George Enot save of a man is of as much importance as what she makes him do. His consciousness as well as his figure comes to us, and we read with his mind as well as with our own.

Grandcourt in his meanness toward Gwendolen has made a will, which, in case she has no child, gives his property to his illegitimate son, with a merciy comfortable sum to her. Deronda is interested, above al things, in a certain chest of documents, which, as he learned in his interview with his mother, had been left for him by his Hebrew grandfather, a student of the literature and history of his race. Deronda is electrically delighted with his connection with the To most of the other people in book who know nothing of parentage it seems only right that now that Gwendolen is free she should marry Deronda. Even Gwendolen herself, in her great pain, has glimpses of this idea across the wide chasm which, she feels, really separates her from the man she loves The little Jowess, Mirah, has some such news as this comes to her heart with shocking cruelty to her. Per haps Mirah humbly does not dare to know that she loves Deronda horself; she worships him, and dislikes Gwendolen. Blunt, heavy sorrow comes as a burden to her sweet soul. In her saddening emotion the wicked, seinsh father, who had tried to make her the mistress of a rich roue, and from whom, in consequence, she had fled when she was seeking her mother and brother, comes upon the scene. He tries to wring money from her. He has not the courage to go into the presence of the studious son, but when Mirah tells Mordecat the news, a shadow fell upon the young Jew. Deronda arrives while Mirah and Morde cat are thinking of their mistortune. To them Deronda reveals that he, too, is a Jow. He loves Mirab.

Meanwhile Gwendolen, who knows that she is miserable because she has been wicked, is at home with her mother. She has it in her heart to seek another interview with Deronda, under whose guidance she wishes, as she has long wished, humbly to place herself. This numility is always that of a woman who has formerly disregarded the opinion of the man she loves. To Deronda Gwendolen's importunities come as those of a woman whose well-being he cannot despise, but who hangs over him like a persistent fate. He prom ised to guide her, and he will. She always wants to know what to do-as if any act of hers could be an stonement that would bring him down nearer to her. Headvises her to accept the competence that her husband has left to her. He tells her that she owes some-thing to her mother. He encourages this once sellish woman to live for others. She chiggs to every idea of him, but feels that he is virtually saying goodby to her; and he, loving Mirab, can only pity her. The

Jewess is gotting nearer to him. Her res has domiciled himself with the girl and her brother, and Deronda finds him at the little home. It does not take the worldly old rascal long to discover that De ronda is in love with Mirah; and, being an inveterate gambler, without means of following his propensity, he one day steals a precious ring which Deronda, there on a visit, lays down, it is at the moment whell Mirah feels the disgrace of her father's act that De ronda asks that her father may be his, and tells his love; and (George Eliot's favorite dram tic trick) she

replies with her lips to his. When the engagement is made known everybodyperhaps including the reader-wonders why any ob tacle should have prevented fate from marrying De ronda to Gwendolen. It must be remembered that it is not Oulda, but George Eliot, who is writing. Even Thackeray married Ethel and Clive, and was a little true to heart only at the expense of letting dear Old Tom dia, George Eliot is a true artist. What we might emotionally expect would sometimes turn God's world upside down. This book began so that figs de not grow on thistles nor grapes on thorns.

It seems, however, that George Eliot elaborated be story too much at the beginning and hurries it through in the last two books very greatly in the "novel" style, thus robbing her readers of some of that ar for which we have already given her credit. Her plo stands better than her treatment of it, a thing not usual with her. There might have been a little more elaboration in the last part. We must not forget, however, that the nut which has grown and ripened slowly fails all in a moment for squirrels to crack The denouement comes upon us in this "treatis novel somewhat in surprise, because in the first parts it is the best work George Eliot has ever written. In art it is lower than "Romola," but in human interest it is equal to "Adam Bede," nevertheless it is disappointing.

Deronda, after his love making with Mirab, meets Gwendolen, and they sit far apart. She had become sweet and cheerful, having patient faith in this new ound tutor of her womanhood. He seems always to have looked upon her as a "specimen" worthy of notice only from the goodness of his heart. She, Gwendolen, has only interested, not charmed him. He tells her that he is-a Jew! This shocks her: and even George Eliot is compelled to put the shock a la Charles Seace, into italies and exclamation points. Still she loves "him." not "the Jew." And by his manner, as a self-discovered Jew, she is shaken. They are wide apart. He tells her that his object is the East. He must understand the ideas of his race. His life now, and this long while, was higher than here, which | lways makes much difference in the hopes of people one of whom loves upward and the other lownward. The only happy couples are those who cling to the lower, ungrowing level. Unhappy is the peasant who learns to love flowers before his wife knows what they are. Perhaps, aside from the criticism we have made above, it is better that revelations tells her of his love for Mirah, and both their eves are larger with tears. It is a sad moment when your lover is going to be only your friend. This is not passion, it is the downfalling awastness of love with no hate in it. Gwendolen thinks blindly of Deronda only. His words came to her like a shell to the ear. In that last, forsaking, clinging moment there is but one footing, that she will be "good." Gwendolen felt this experience with Deronda near, and he left her.

She began to live-as he had tolt her to live. Deronda and Mirah were married according to the Jewish rite. To Deronda on his wedding morn came

this letter:—

Do not think of me sorrowfully on your wedding day. I have remembered your words—that I may live to be one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born. I do not yet see how that can be, but you know better than I. If it ever come true it will be because you helped me. I only thought of myself, and I made you grieve. It hurts me now to think of your grief. You must not grieve any more for me. It is better—it shall be better—with me because I have known you.

GWENDOLEN GRANDCOURT.

The book ends unsatisfactorily, with Mordecai dying in the arms of Mirah and Deronda, and with the two latter about to start for the East. There is a shock here, as if another novel were needed to begin at the

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

The new Shakespeare Society will reprint that rare book, "Harrison's Description of England, 1577-87." The English are perpetually writing books about their Indian Empire. The latest ones are "England, Egypt and India Connected by a Railway System," by S. McBean, which advocates a 6,000 mile railway from London to Bombay; "Our Indian Empire," by Rev. Samuel Norwood; "Sketches of Indian Life and Travel," by Mrs. M. Mitchell, and "India in 1875-76, a "Sketches of Indian Life and Chronicle of the Prince of Wales' Journeyings," by George Wheeler. The last is by a London journalist who accompanied the expedition, and is cleverly done. Miss Betham-Edwards will soon publish her "Year in Western France," a descriptive book of French and country life,

"Ancient Life in Alexandria" is the subject of a fine paper by Wachsmuth in the last number of the German review, Im Neuen Reich.

The exploring of the coast of New Guinea by Rev. J. Macfarlane, of the London Missienary Society, has brought to light a native town of 2,000 inhabitants of a remarkable degree of civilization, living in well built ouses, with fine gardens and clean swept streets.

The new illustrated edition of Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ" will contain pictures of Judean scenes from photographs, besides many illustrations of coins, med-

als and antiquities pertinent to the text. The late Edward W. Lane, one of the first of English Orientalists, produced the best Arabic and English lex

icon, based on native authorities only. A collection of ancient Italian chronicles, under th title of "Bibliotheca Historica Italica," has been commenced by the Historical Society of Lombardy.

Mr. T. W. Hinchliffe's "Over the Sea and Far Away" still continues to attract the praise of the English lite rary journals as one of the most instructive and delightful narratives of round-the-world travel which has yet appeared.

The best recent book on life insurance is Mr. George Chifford's "Life Assurer's Handbook," just out

The British Museum Library expended in 1874 £9,99 on printed books and £3,074 on manuscripts. In 1875 the purchases of printed books amounted to £10,201

and of manuscripts to £2,948. and of manuscripts to £2,948.

Achard's novel, "Mon Oncle Barbasson," in the Recue des Deux Mondes for August 1, is very amusing.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE FINANCES.

Yesterday being the first Monday of the month wa the time set apart for the regular meeting of the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees. At the appointed hour, half-past three, there were present Trustees Thoma Carroll, Thomas Kinsella, Henry C. Murphy, L. Aspin wall, Comptroller Powell, James S. T. Stranaban, Will

Nos. 274 and 275 Front street, Now York, \$20,850, To Nathaniel M. Pryor, for premises Nos. 175 and 175 South street, \$24,600. For labor may roil, \$7,359 92. William R. Foster, for premises No. 295 Water street, \$15,000. The total expensitures for the bridge up to date for engineering, salaries, rents, labor, office expenses, lumber, machinery, construction, tools, granice, freight, printing and advertising, &c., amount to \$6,758,611 12. The lambifities amount to \$55,992 51. The Board of Trustees will meet on next Thursday afternoon at the bridge office.

ROBBED AT HIS OWN DOOR.

Thomas Smith, of No. 334 East Thirty-eighth street, was committed for trial at the Fifty-seventh Street P hee Court yesterday on a charge of robbery. James McNamara, of No. 418 East Fifty-ninth street, his accuser, testified that while standing on the corner of Twenty-seventh street and First avenue he was attacked